

RESTORATION

VOL. VI.

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No. 11.

A Friend Goes to Rest Through the Blue Door

By Catherine de Hueck

The door was freshly painted. Its blue was deep, vivid. It could be seen from afar. When the sun shone on it, by some trick of its own special magic, it turned into a dazzling white.

The girl who had just walked through it was slender and quite pale. There was about her face a quest, a hunger, that almost leaped at one and begged to be shown the way to the bread that she must eat.

A Quiet Girl, Pat

As days went by, she merged with us others in the house, going about the little chores that come to all who enter it, in a quiet simple way, speaking little, observing much.

One evening she sat with me by the wide blue river, and we listened to the glorias of the setting sun sung in colors that beggared transcription. Softly she spoke — telling me, she had a heart disease, had had it from early youth, yet she wished greatly to become a staff worker, a member of the inner family of Friendship House, if it were possible.

I remained silent for quite a long time. This was a pioneering branch of our Lay Apostolate. It was hard in physical labor. It was hard also in that it took much vision to see the beginning of a harvest of souls. There were but three of us in the beginning, Eddie and "Flewy" and I — three lonely grains of wheat in the process of dying — as grains of wheat are supposed to do if they would bring any sort of harvest.

A Girl with a Heart

Had this girl what it takes . . . to see and to die? I looked up and met the hungry eyes, so full of hunger for the Absolute. And suddenly I made up my mind. I would take her, heart condition and all.

We needed her . . . she had much to give . . . she needed us. And so it came to pass that Patricia Connors became the first Staff Worker in Madonna House.

Her family let her go, graciously, though her mother knew death might claim her at any time. Hers was that kind of family, Christocentric!

Pat stayed with us almost two years. At first, to the astonishment of all, her health improved very much. Then slowly she became "tired" again . . . until the tiredness grew so intense we knew she had to leave us.

Montreal was her home town. And Montreal, even as Combermere, "felt" the presence of Pat. It was an intangible feeling, like watching a beautiful candle, that burns straight and bright, yet much too fast . . . illuminating dark places beyond the scope of an ordinary candle-light . . . per-

haps because of the intensity with which it burned.

An Interior Flame

Pat's was a hidden intensity, peaceful, full of the immense charity of Christ that hears no evil, thinks no evil, speaks no evil. Intensity and transparency of soul . . . that was what Pat brought into this world. That is what she left in Madonna House. A legacy of love and light. That is what she bequeathed her friends in Montreal.

She passed through life, a lovely lighted candle . . . and left behind a shaft of light and fire that will light other fires. She was a contemplative in the market place. Perhaps that is why she "did" so much for Christ in Her neighbor. For her, doing was the overflowing of the chalice of herself . . . which WAS ALWAYS BEING FILLED WITH THE LORD.

Though she had to leave us . . . she is still part of this humble lay apostolate, for those who have entered it, through the door painted blue in honor of our Lady, belong forever to the soul and heart of it.

Pat loved "Flewy" one of the ORIGINALS . . . who started with the first Friendship House in Toronto. Now she has joined "Flewy," and Larry Lee, a Negro Staff Worker of our Washington House, who died about the time that "Flewy" died.

Pat died peacefully in her sleep a few short weeks ago. The three Staff Workers who have passed through the DOOR OF LIFE ETERNAL are together, we believe, before the face of the Christ they loved and served so well on earth . . . preparing the way for us.

Pray for us "Flewy," Pat and Larry. Pray for us. You, better than others, know our many needs.

MADONNA HOUSE
CORDIALLY
WELCOMES PRIESTS
IN NEED OF
VACATION AND REST.

SPECIAL QUARTERS
AVAILABLE.
PRIVACY — QUIET

NO CHARGE

Thy Kingdom Come

By Rev. J. T. Callahan

On Sunday, October 25th, the universal Church will celebrate the feast of Christ the King.

On the liturgical calendar, which hangs beside our telephone that seldom works, there is a note for that day which reads, "Before the Blessed Sacrament exposed, by order of the Holy Father, there should be recited the Litany of the Sacred Heart, and the Act of Consecration of the human race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."



MY KINGDOM
IS NOT OF THIS WORLD

That particular notation takes us back to 1925, when Pope Pius XI decreed that the last Sunday of October, which precedes the Feast of All Saints and All Souls should be forever celebrated as the Feast of Christ the King — Who is indeed the King of all Saints and all Souls.

In writing about it, the Holy Father said that it was fitting that Christ rule over the minds of men because He is Truth Itself, and it is necessary for men to seek and obediently accept the truth.

Christ should reign over the wills of men because our free will should be attuned to God's holy will and eager to follow it; and He should be the King of the hearts of men, because He has already proven His love for us.

The Holy Father selected this beautiful passage from Saint Paul for the Divine Office for that day.

"Giving thanks to God the Father, Who hath made us worthy to be partakers of the lot of the saints in light . . .

Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness and hath translated us into the KINGDOM of the Son of His love."

Paul Harris Weds Swiss Miss Monique Mettan

On September 12th, the feast of the Holy Name of Mary, two young people dear to Madonna House were married in the Church of the Sacred Heart, in Combermere, by Rev. Fr. Patrick Dwyer.

They were Paul Harris, who once came to dinner at Madonna House, stayed six months and planned to be a staff worker and Miss Monique Mettan, of Villeneuve, Switzerland, who came to visit a friend in Madonna House, decided to be a staff worker, and met Mr. Harris.

A Romance? But Yes!

The fact that the bride came to this little village lost in the bush of Canada, and that she travelled all the way from Switzerland, is nothing to excite wonder in anyone who knows Madonna House.

It happened like this. She came from Europe with Miss Francoise de Castro, of Paris. They met on the ship, and became friends. Miss de Castro taught French in Vassar College for a time, discovered Friendship House, N.Y., almost by accident, and then decided to visit Madonna House. It was her, incidentally, whom Monique came to see.

Paul Harris, who comes and goes — sometimes spending a day here, sometimes a week — just happened to be present when Monique arrived. He decided to stay a little longer.

"I was so puzzled," Monique added, telling friends about it. "I couldn't say whether I liked Paul because he was in Madonna House, or whether I liked Madonna House because Paul was there. It was only when I thought of Madonna House without Paul that I got any sort of answer. But then — Paul without Madonna House didn't seem to be right either!"

Paul Had The Answer

"Paul settled everything very simply. He said we could be married, live in Ottawa, and spend a weekend in Madonna House ever so often. Wasn't that a wonderful solution?"

Mrs. Jeanne Mettan, the mother of the bride, invited many "to participate in the offering of the Nuptial Mass!" Miss de Castro was bridesmaid. Mr. Doherty gave the bride away. Rev. Fr. John T. Callahan said the Nuptial Mass.

The wedding was followed by a reception and breakfast at Madonna House — and it is estimated that a large percentage of the population of Toronto, Combermere, Montreal, Ottawa and other Canadian cities, helped to celebrate the day.

The bride wore a beautiful gown of eyelet embroidery, which she made herself. The bridesmaid, Miss Francoise de Castro, was dressed in yellow. The best man was Mr. Joseph Noonan of Montreal. The floral decorations were seasonal gladiolas of many hues, grown locally. Mrs. Michael Lepinski, formerly assistant director of Chicago Friendship House now of Combermere, Ontario, was at the organ, and the staff workers and volunteers of Madonna House sang the hymns. Mrs. Harry Stevenson, of Stevenson Lodge, Combermere, baked a wedding cake — a confectioner's dream. Madonna House was suitably decorated by Mrs. Kathleen O'Herin, Miss Catherine Maynard and Miss Therese Fazackerley, staff workers of Friendship House.

To Be His Fire!

Of Life and Love.

I would be a fire of Love,
A white-hot fire,
So that those bitter and cold
ones,
Attracted to the flames pul-
sating upward,
Would come seeking the
blazing heat—
And would discover Him.

I would be a fire of Love,
A hearth-fire of crackles and
delights,
So that those who came in
search of quiet warmth,
And passage of fair time,
Alerted by a sudden, shoot-
ing spark,
Would look more closely at
the constant flame,
And would discover Him.

I would be a fire of Love,
An ardent-glowing bed of
coals,
So that those now warmed
in thick envelopment
Of smug contentment with
their cautious lives,
Who came to share with me
their choice embalmments,
Would feel such fervency
burn into them,
That they would search the
coals in questing wonder,
And would discover Him.

But I am just the fuel laid
in the grate.
Should He wish, in me,
A fire of His making,
I shall be the first consum-
ed;
And I, being no more,
It will be He
Who draws within the circle
of the Heat
All those He seeks.

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS

Mary, in this your month of the Rosary, teach us how to pray it! For behold, Mother of men and of God, somewhere along the dark road of the past decades, while we walked between war and uneasy peace, we have forgotten how to pray.

Show us, oh Mother of Wisdom, the height, the depth, the width, and the endless breadth that is to be found in that prayer called, in the old days, so beautifully, OUR LADY'S PSALTER. Indeed it is your song and your prayer.

For it leads us, Cause of our Joy, gently and softly into your seven perfect and joyful mysteries. And then, oh Mater Dolorosa, it shows us your seven poignant Sorrows, the price YOU paid for our salvation — Co-redemptrix of Christ! Also it leads us to your blinding, breath-taking, glorious mysteries — Oh Mystical Rose!

We need you, Gate of Heaven, to teach us how to pray. Bend down to our littleness and say the Rosary with us. In our spiritual childhood, the beads will teach us how to pray with your voice. In our spiritual youth, through you, they will reveal to us, how to plunge our minds into the blessed mystery spelled out by each decade.

And in our spiritual maturity, Mediatrix of all Graces, show us your secret ways to the prayer of silence . . . of contemplation.

Your Psalter — the Rosary — is a school of prayer . . . and you are the perfect Mistress of it.

Of all the generations, we who stand between and betwix war and peace, we who live in insecurity and fear, we who bear the almost un-endurable heat of a market place from which your Son has been almost completely shut out — we truly need to learn how to pray with the Bride of your Son, the Church.

Only through prayer can we begin truly to know Him whom we must love and serve, or indeed perish. Only through prayer can we BE before His face, and get the strength then to DO . . . or live before Him, witnessing if need be, unto death, to His divinity and to our Christianity.

This century needs Christians who are Christians in faith and deed.

On such depends the fate of the world.

You, who are the Gate to Christ, the Way to the Father, our ultimate goal — you, Mary, Mother of Christ — teach us in this your month of the Rosary — to pray it as it should be prayed. For these ordinary beads, strung on threads, hold within themselves all the mysteries of our holy Faith . . . and all the main ways of prayer.

MARY, QUEEN OF THE ROSARY . . . OPEN TO US ITS HOLY SECRETS . . . LET IT BE OUR DOOR TO THE HEART OF YOUR SON . . . HIS FATHER . . . AND THE HOLY GHOST.



FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

by Eddie Doherty

The mist was thick about us when we woke this morning; a soft, opaque, gray cloud. And the air was damp and chill. It was good to feel the intimacy of a heavy sweater beneath a heavy jacket. It was good to see the candles burning on the altar — we had Mass in the house at 7.30 — and to warm one's mind by the red glow of the vigil light below the crucifix.

The mist was still around us when we went to breakfast on the long verandah. The boys and girls, odd and cumbrous-looking in their unaccustomed wrappings, made gallant fun of it, and of the coldness it had brought with it.

What? Winter Already?

There was talk of "long woolies" lying in big boxes in the attic storeroom, of coral islands washed by tropic currents, and of snow and sleet and frost and ice — and blizzards that would shut the sun out even more effectively than this plaguey mist.

Then, after breakfast and the saying of Prime — the morning prayer of the Church that is recited daily on the lawn, unless the weather makes it pleasanter to pray inside the house — Griff and Louie set fire to the heap of drift-wood, and dead pine limbs, and pruned branches that had accumulated at the river's edge. And billows of smoke were mixed, by the wind, with the impenetrable mist.

I went around the blazing pile, and sat on the prow of a rowboat swaying in the shallows of the stream — and remembered, by some association of ideas, a picture of two fishing boats lying near the shore of the sea of Galilee, and a tall and stately Man standing upright in one, and preaching to a crowd.

The flames leaped up, and there was no mist about the fire. All about me the moist gray cloud disintegrated; began to rise like steam.

Smoke Or Mist?

Close by, it was easy to distinguish the billowing smoke from the wraiths of mist. The smoke was dark, and the mist was light. One was the product of an intense wood-fire on the sands — and there was the incense of pine and cedar in it. The other was generated by the cold waters of the sleeping Madawaska.

They were easy to distinguish. But only close to the fire.

"This is smoke," I could say with certainty, "and that is mist." Just as I could say, "this is evil; that is good."

But, a few feet away from the fire, and after the wind had done its work, it was impossible to tell one from the other. Who can pick out men from a crowd and say: "this one is evil; this one is good?"

There was beauty all around me in the mist.

The mass of the river was hidden from me, and the great trees along its banks, and the hills on the horizon, and the houses of neighbors, and the Church of the Sacred Heart, and the school, and the parish hall. All I could see was the stretch of water close to the shore, the boats, the pier, the bonfire, the lawn, and the outlines of the white house with the blue door.

Silver And Sparkle

But everything about me was soaked in liquid silver; and, as the sun began to ascend the heavens, everything began to shine as though it were not only silvered but magnificently jewelled . . . the reeds at the water's edge, the grasses, the leaves and the twigs of the bushes, the pine needles on the low-hanging branches of the pine tree, the ropes that held the boats fast, and the spider's web . . . especially the beautiful web.

I examined that web with an eery fascination. It was so perfectly formed! It was so exquisitely lovely! Each gossamer strand stood out of the background as though it were an object God meant to be extravagantly admired.

Here was the supreme beauty of straight lines. Here was the majesty of precision, of exactitude, of geometric perfection. One could not help but think of science; of grave professional scholars who work out all things by formulas; and of those geniuses who insist that all the problems of the universe — and of mice and men — can be solved by the rigorous and inflexible rules of mathematics.

A Geometric Prison

Here was a splendid mathematical design, worked out by equations, shining in growing glory — as the sun behind me rose higher and higher up the morning sky.

It hung from the branches of a cloudy bush, waiting to trap some unwary, mist-drunk, beauty-seeking gnat, or some dew-heavy fly who thought each glittering line a resting place, a refuge, a roost, a home away from home.

Wet midges, themselves be-silvered and be-pearled, veered toward it, flying over my shoulder. They entered it like tipsy sailors in some far strange port attracted by odd doorways — and a neon light or two.

What shining traps some heresies are, I thought; and what glorious souls fall into them — to be devoured at the leisure of the spider the mist does not reveal!

The wind shifted. I turned to avoid the smoke, and saw the nearer surface of the river burnished with little ripples. The sun was still hidden, but it could be made out now, through the gauzy veil; and everywhere the mist was lifting — like a dense curtain rising, in folds and pleats. The sun was bringing back the sight of houses and trees and distant hill tops. Their outlines were indeterminate, indistinct, yet one had a good idea of what they were.

Black Boat, White Flame

Three men in a boat went through the soaring mist, black silhouettes in a hurrying black shape. Behind the boat I saw a trail of water — longer and whiter than the lacy train of any bridal gown. It sparkled, suddenly, as though it had become white flame.

And presently the sun shone in its full power, in a flawless sky. And the Madawaska was a deeper and sweeter blue than the heaven it mirrored.

The shrouding mist of ignorance had vanished; and the smoke of intolerance and bigotry had thinned and paled; and the mar-

(Continued on Page Three)

The B's Corner

Father J. E. Moss of St. Augustine's Seminary, Toronto, came to see us recently. We had a good visit. The blessing of his presence brought us much joy, for we of Madonna House love priests to visit us. Firmly we believe that when they do, Christ, in a very special manner, visits us through them.

We spoke of this and that, mostly about the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action. Father mentioned that he was chaplain to the deaf of Toronto, then went on to say that this field was "wide open" for Lay Apostolic Action. The needs are infinite, and few understood the problems of the deaf.

Problems Of The Deaf

As he spoke, the wind sang in the trees. A child laughed somewhere in the woods nearby. A dog barked with a joyous bark. A cock crowed in the barnyard. And through an open window I could hear our kitchen crew sing the Salve Mater most harmoniously.

I listened to Father's explanation of the eternal dark silence in which the deaf live. And all the sounds so familiar that I would not, ordinarily have noticed them, suddenly became clothed with joy.

I could hear! I never thought of it before! Did you? We can hear the voices of those we love . . . with all their intonations and shades of meaning. We can hear the words of the Mass. We can hear a Mass sung. Music is ours to enjoy. All these miracles of God's goodness are yours and mine to enjoy.

BUT THE DEAF? Theirs is a world of silence. I thought of silence in colors. Is silence grey . . . always grey? Is it unrelieved black? Or has it vividness in it?

There must be great loneliness, and a longing, and a hunger to break through the endless desert of silence among the deaf. There must be a desire for friendship and companionship. So few ever think of the deaf!

And it came to me that perhaps there are hundreds of people with time on their hands who would like to engage in this form of Lay Apostolate. They might contact Father Moss at the seminary and find out what they can do to help his immense work, and also how they can enrich their own souls by partaking of the wealth they must have accumulated in their great world of silence.

Problems Of The Chapel

Our Chapel is shaping up. I wish you could be here, dear friends, who so generously contributed to its making. The building itself is ready, painted white, with a deep blue trim in honor of Our Lady. The workmen are now inside — on "finishing-up" jobs.

The backdrop to the altar is beautiful, made of British Columbia red pine plywood. It has a beautiful red tinge to it. We will hang there a lovely embroidered drape that came to us, in a donation. It looks like a medieval rich brocade. Against this, on chains, we will hang one of the most beautiful Crucifixes you ever saw. This is carved in wood, and was donated to us by the group of friends who gave us the holy water font for the entrance.

(Continued on Page Three)

COMBERMERE

By Dorothy M. Phillips

Ever changing yet changeless. This sentence seems to be particularly applicable to Madonna House and Combermere. The view changes daily, yet there are no more trees than before. The Madawaska still winds its way down past the house. The shades of color differ, but its depths remain the same. The ground about is a dull brown, but will be covered soon with snow. Still the substance of the earth has not changed.

We Change Too

Friendship House has become the temporary home of many and the permanent home God has chosen for some. Now we have twenty-five, tomorrow there will be forty. Like the hues of the river and the colors of the earth, the group is ever different. But the spirit of love dwells here; and we pray that like the depths of the river and the substance of the earth, it will be changeless. It must grow in depth through the years even as water going over the same course digs daily but imperceptibly into its river bed. It must at times allow itself to be covered and hidden by the cold winter elements so that while it appears to be sleeping it is really drinking in the life-giving waters which will prepare it to accept the spring seed into its heart.

Yes, the face of Madonna House changes. The chapel has dwarfed the house itself and the work of the summer volunteers had added beauty to the grounds of St. Martha's and St. Catherine's. But much remains the same. We are once again overdrawn at the bank. The work still goes on. The nurses nursing, the librarian sending out books, the cook baking bread and preparing our meals. The boys feeding the animals and getting all in readiness for the winter. Double windows are going up, and furnaces are being checked. These are the small things of which our apostolate is made up. As the tree does God's bidding when it lets one of its leaves go swaying gently to the earth, so must we, in our small round of chores, attempt to fit into the great order of His plan.

We have been asked by many to describe an average day of a staff worker. Perhaps it might be easier to tell you first of our prayer life, the most important phase of our daily schedule. At seven-thirty we participate in the holy sacrifice of the Mass. After breakfast we recite Prime, the morning hour of the breviary. Dinner over, we spend half an hour before the Blessed Sacrament, fifteen minutes of which is spent in common spiritual reading and the balance in meditation.

End With A Rosary

In the evening after supper we recite Compline, the evening hour of the breviary; and end with our common prayer, the Rosary. One hour each evening is spent on individual spiritual reading. The balance of our day is devoted to our work, which consists of many small and simple things.

Restoration must be addressed and prepared for mailing. This is all done by hand. Our Outer Circle letter, which is sent out each month to some one thousand

five hundred readers, must also be addressed and sorted.

Dishes, mending, sewing, and cleaning must be done. Gardens are cared for, prepared for seeding in the spring, weeded in the summer, and ploughed over in the fall. Parcels containing used clothing are unpacked, and the clothes are hung up in our clothing-room for distribution among the needy. Someone stands by, helping them to select what they require.

Red Cross and community club meetings are attended. Parcels are begged for, collected, and gaily wrapped for the annual Christmas party for children. Their eyes light up with the sheer joy of seeing a toy and their glee knows no bounds when it turns out to be their very own.

The preparations for summer school mean more cleaning and scrubbing.

Then of course during summer school, apart from the normal routine of keeping our yearly work functioning, we have the great pleasure and privilege of serving our beloved Christ in our students and guests.

None of us does all the work, but some portion of it is assigned each one. Our day consists of prayer and work. But since work is prayer we like to think of our whole day as one spent completely and utterly in the service of our Father. Our evenings are generally periods of recreation with reading, sing-songs, (or an occasional square dance). It is right that we should also play before the face of God.

Then to bed. Lights out at eleven, and blessed sleep to renew our energies so that we may be better able to serve, glorify and love God.

THE B'S CORNER

(Continued from Page Two)

The lighting will be indirect. There will be no pews, nor kneelers. Just the plainly painted floor to kneel on, and chairs to sit on. A statue of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception will be the only statue in the Chapel.

The beams, sturdy and visible, will be stained a rich reddish brown. The room will seat one hundred people.

Financially, we are just on the half way mark. Another six thousand dollars will end our money problems.

Did I tell you the story of the beginning of this chapel? It is a passably strange one.

Problems of Financing

We were thinking about a chapel for a long time. Finally we petitioned our gracious Ordinary for permission to build one. He granted us permission. We conferred with a contractor, Ken Carl. He gave us a price, and reminded us that, the building season in this climate being short, we had better start in May. He needed \$3,000 cash, in order to begin.

Three thousand dollars! To me, to all of us, it looked as big as the national budgets of the U.S.A. and Canada combined. But there was Our Lady. If she wanted that Chapel . . . why then we'd have it. For the first time in my whole life I asked for a tangible sign of her desire, and that of her Divine Son.

I asked that, if IT WAS THEIR WILL (hers being

always His) they would please send us, BEFORE MAY FIRST, the THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS we must have.

April seemed to pass on winged feet. And there we were, penniless, on its last day, the Feast of St. Catherine of Sienna, my patron saint — the dead line!

The mail comes to Madonna House ONCE A DAY, at around about 4 p.m. It did that day, as usual. And in it were TWO SEPARATE CHEQUES, totalling a little over \$3,000.

No doubt about it. Our Lady wanted that chapel. So we started to build it. Thus far she has not failed to send us the added amounts we must have each month. The money is sent by her devoted children. Each of their names is entered in our Chapel Book.

When finally, (Oh blessed day!), her divine Son comes to live with us . . . each of Mary's children whose names are in her book, will be remembered in a monthly Mass before God's holy Face.

Our hearts truly overflow with gratitude to Him . . . to Mary . . . and to all of you, beloved friends.

May Christ and Mary bless and keep you.

FIVE ACRE MEDITATIONS

(Continued from Page Two)

vels and the wonders of the ordinary, actual, common, everyday world could be seen wherever I chanced to look.

It was as though, coming out of a fog of doubt and superstition and fear and weird imagining, I had found God!

The sun shed warmth as well as light. A man could put away his sweater and his heavy jacket, and enjoy the grandeur of a perfect autumn forenoon.

I looked at the fire. It had lost its heat; but its embers were smoldering. Little wisps of ashy smoke kept rising from the ashes. They soared into the blue and vanished. Bright Sun, Drab Web

I looked at the spider web. In the full light of the sun it had lost its enchanting beauty, though it retained all its precise perfection. It looked drab, dingy. It was plainly nothing but a trap, a lure — a heresy so blatantly a heresy that only the silly, or the blind, or the hopelessly lost and weary, would consider entering its meshes.

There were two drying midges caught in it; waiting for the weaver to come and interview them. They had lost their lustre.

One wondered what they would say to the spider when they saw him. Would they, perhaps, express their appreciation of the scientific efficiency — and the beauty — of the web he had woven for them? Would they speak of the precision, the rigidity of line, the basic excellence of the design, or the astonishing tensile strength of the gossamer strands?

Or would they say their prayers, while there was time, and try to free themselves from the error into which they had been so easily enticed?

They struggled valiantly. Even an insect knows falsehood, in the bright light of the sun. They struggled desperately. But it was too late.

The spider had appeared — a hideous little devil — and the midges stayed for breakfast!

Missionaries Are Human

By Rev. U. Bordin, S.D.B.
(Our Burma Correspondent)

Missionaries are always pictured as poor, starving, hard-working, grim but joyful saints. Or so I understand from letters coming to me from Canada and the U. S. What most people forget is that we are human too. And, if we have too many troubles, some of them we are ourselves responsible for.

Rev. Fr. D., for instance, came to Rangoon recently, after a lonely year in a missionary station, and called on Father L. They talked for 17 hours without interruption, sitting up all night, and then saying Mass at 7 o'clock in the morning.

MOTHER-CABRINI



MISSIONARY

Sleep? The Very Idea!

After Mass Father L. yawned, and suggested his guest might like a wink of sleep. Father D. looked annoyed. "What?" he said. "is that your idea of hospitality? A poor missionary comes to you after many silent months, and you are too sleepy to exchange a few ideas with him? Shame on you!"

Another friend of mine, returning from a sick call about ten miles away from his residence, couldn't resist the impulse to plunge into a cool stream and enjoy a little swim. There was nobody around. He undressed, and got into the water. It was wonderful. But, when he looked for his clothes, he discovered they had wandered away!

While he was wondering about the thief, he saw some cows, a short distance away. His clothes were dangling from their horns. But he could not retrieve them. Some one was sure to come and see his nakedness. He did what Adam did about 6,000 years ago, covered himself with leaves.

In that primitive dress he cautiously approached a native hut. Children screamed and ran frightened through the doors. A man rushed out, and hesitated. A white man had gone mad! What should one do about that?

Holding The Bag

The missionary managed to explain his plight before the native barred the door; and so he obtained the loan of a loonjie, a piece of cloth that looks like a bag with both ends open. With this, and an old shirt, the missionary made his way home, modestly, but not in any triumph.

A friend of mine in Burma was called to attend a boy dying about fifteen miles away. He jumped on his bicycle and raced down the hill and along the road. The road became a small track that went up and down hills. Sometimes the priest had to carry the bike up a steep incline, or across a rivulet or a bamboo bridge. And sometimes the wheel struck a loose stone and threw him.

He was dripping with sweat when he came to the boy's house; and he was ready to drop with fatigue. The boy was not only alive, he was vigorously alive. He was eating gustily, and almost had not time to explain.

Power In A Pump

After he had finished the last bite, he said that he had had a toothache that morning. It was so bad he thought he was going to die. Then he remembered what the priest had said. He was to be called, even at night, if any one were dying.

The priest didn't scold anybody. Some one might be dying, the next time, and everybody would remember how he had scolded this boy. They might not send for the priest.

He smiled, squatted beside his young friend, told him how glad he was to find him well, accepted a cup of tea, and got ready for the long trip back to his home.

The boy really was sick, a week or so later. It was a stomach ache. The priest believed an enema would cure him; but he had no way of administering it. Nor did he have any laxatives with him. But an idea came to him. His bicycle pump!

He removed the steel part at the end of the tube, sterilized the pump, filled it with soapy water, and performed the operation. Before he left the village the boy was well again — and everybody was talking about the power of Father's pump!

(Father Bordin's address is 112 Commissioner Road, Rangoon, Burma; in case you wish to send him a donation.)

Poor Sparrow!

("And yet not one of them will fall to the ground without your Father's leave.")

But what is to happen to the sparrow That—having left its nest, Having tested the heights of the sky, Having abandoned itself to the blueness of the heavens, Having sought the scorching nearness of the sun, Must now return To the somberness of the things of earth, Carefully selected, and fashioned Into the circle of its moulded home?

Down from the hill of Joy, Down from the enfolding Blueness, Down from the Searing Heat,

It drops its course; And once more, Folding its wings, Sits bewildered In the ever-present, concentric rings Of straw, Of dried bits of earth— Having tasted the completeness Of life and Love.

Meditation on The Passion . . . Third Station

By Catherine

The earth was
Cool
Beneath the dust.
It seemed to
Leap
And tremble
Beneath
His Face,
As if it
Wanted
To arise
And open
Up, and swallow
Him
Into the sanctuary
Of its unplumbed
Depths,
Away from men,
Away from pain!

The dust was dry,
And smelled
Of the thousand
Things
Dust smells of
On all the roads
Everywhere.
Yet it was soft,
Caressing,
Like a woman's
Touch.
Some of it
Clung to His
Wounds,
And was blessed
By the touch.

He lay prone
On the earth,
In the dust,
Spent,
Weak;
Yet even
His Fall
Was love
For us.

Love, and
A letter
Written in
The dust,
With blood—
That said . . .

"Behold
I love
You—soul
Of man.
Remember
This—
My fall
Will give
You courage
To arise
From yours.
I WILL BE
THERE . . .
TO HOLD
YOU
UP . . ."

They dragged
Him up.
The Cross
Was eating
His back again.
Obediently
He went on . . .
Hand in hand
With Joy . . .
For such was
HIS LOVE
OF US!

A Poorly-Housed Priest Is a Poorly-Used Priest

When a bishop writes that this priest is the most poorly housed in this diocese — if not in the whole of Canada," we can readily believe that the conditions under which he must labor are indeed most difficult.

Therefore we do not feel it out of place to ask for donations of a dollar, or two dollars, or five dollars, or more, to be sent directly to him. He himself has written us about the lean-to shelter attached to the church, in which he lives; the asthmatic jeep in which he has to navigate the muddy roads of spring, and the frozen lakes of winter. We won't mention the difficulties of diet, nor the mile distance he has to go for drinking water. We shall merely give you his name and address, and hope and pray that you in your charity will assist him. He is Father Ludo von Leeuwen, Venice, Alberta, Canada.

late. We bless all those who help you, all your BENEFACTORS, the hierarchy that invites you to their portion of the Lord's vineyard, the priests and religious who assist you, and all those with, and for, whom you labor."

So, since we are sure that our life in Friendship House is our true vocation; and since we know that part of this vocation is to beg for EVERYTHING WE NEED AND ALL THAT THOSE WE SERVE NEED, we come to you, dear friends, truly in faith and simplicity, to tell our needs. The rest we leave in the hands of Mary and her divine Son.

CHAPEL NEEDS — MONEY to finish paying for the building. An organ, electrical or plain. New or second-hand, but, if possible, in good order. Altar linens. MONEY AGAIN for linoleum to cover a floor 28x52. MONEY for a hundred folding chairs. Two prieu-Dieu confessionals. MONEY for the upkeep of the Chapel. Wine, hosts, candles, vigil lights, etc. We are opening a MARY'S FUND specially

Give
and it
shall be
given to
you

+
Luke 6:38

Again We Beg . . .

In simplicity, without qualm or fear, we state here-with our many needs . . . that in truth are not ours . . . but Christ's in our neighbors.

Christ Himself called us to the vocation of the Lay Apostolate of Catholic Action, Friendship House style. We were confirmed in it by many holy bishops, archbishops, and cardinals. And in the year of grace, 1951, HIS HOLINESS HIMSELF BLESSED IT IN THE FOLLOWING WORDS:

Pope Pius XII Said

"We bless all those who belong to you in blood. We bless all those who belong to your spiritual maternity — the past, present, and future Staff Workers of Friendship House Aposto-

for that. Flower vases suitable for the altar. We will publish other needs as they arise.

We Also Need Toys

CHRISTMAS NEEDS — Small villages, lost in the bush, have schools; and schools and families have children. Yearly we play St. Nicholas, the Infant's messenger, to some five hundred children between the ages of one to sixteen. Will you send us toys, mittens, caps, soap, tooth paste, costume jewelry, toilet articles, hankies, books suitable for gifts? Also there are numbers of sick people and shut-ins. Please remember them.

RELIGIOUS ARTICLES — Of any kind are most welcomed. Holy pictures. Rosaries. Medals. Prayer books.

CLOTHING — For our clothing center. Second-hand or new. Everything is vitally needed. From lay-

ettes to clothing for old and young of both sexes. Bedding. Kitchen utensils. Crockery. We give these away to victims of fire. Alas, there are always many of such.

CASH — Yes . . . MONEY AGAIN . . . To run our apostolate. To buy medicine. To buy gas and oil for cars that are used as ambulances. To buy wood and oil to keep warm. To buy food. And to supply the thousand endless needs of our friends, the poor.

Yes . . . once again we come beggars of Christ . . . in faith and simplicity. We knock at the doors of your hearts . . . and softly repeat . . . and repeat . . . "PLEASE . . . IN HIS NAME . . ."

Parcels may be sent by mail, in fourteen pound lots. Simply address: MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, CANADA. By Railway Express, or freight: MADONNA HOUSE, COMBERMERE, ONTARIO, VIA BARRY'S BAY, ONTARIO, AND CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS.

Please make all cheques payable to "MADONNA HOUSE," and if for the Chapel needs specify — CHAPEL FUND.

God bless you.
IN THE CHARITY OF
CHRIST.
GRATEFULLY YOURS,
CATHERINE DOHERTY
AND STAFF OF
MADONNA HOUSE

Freedom

(Anonymous)

Unevenness no longer troubles me.
Wealth is the same to me as poverty.
Illusion I have cast away,
Without myself I long to stay.
Myself I leave,
Who lives beyond his thought, he shall not grieve.

You ask how from illusion I withdrew?
When perfect union in myself I knew?
Only that union is not vain
That takes the sting from love and pain.
Myself I leave.
Who lives beyond his thought, he shall not grieve.

Since I was drowned in depths, nothing could force
My lips to speech, I lost my very tongue.
Thus God into Himself has taken me.
Myself I leave,
And in this darkness I no longer grieve.

Since now again my life is at its source,
I cannot age. I am forever young.
The gifts of earth have all forsaken me,
Their powers leave,
Who lives beyond his thought, he shall not grieve.

Plea To Mary

Mold me as the clay
That spins from a form-
less clod,
Taking on the beauty
In the mind of God.

Christus Regnat!

"Venerable Brothers, may the Virgin Mother of God, grant the prayers of Our paternal heart . . . and they are yours too . . . and obtain for all, a true love of the Church.

"Her sinless soul was filled with the divine Spirit of Jesus Christ more than all other created souls, and in the name of the whole human race she gave her consent for a "spiritual marriage between the Son of God and human nature. Within her virginal womb, Christ our Lord already bore the exalted title of Head of the Church; in a marvelous birth she brought Him forth as source of all supernatural life, and presented Him, new born as Prophet, KING and Priest to those who were the first of Jews and Gentiles to adore Him."

Pope Pius XII
Encyclical on
Mystical Body
(1943)

We Are All A Family

How can you help thinking when you see a society in which human beings are treated as "hands" or political units that it must be a society which has forgotten how to love? How can you help thinking when you see a society in which there is much lust and a welter of sentiment that it must be a society which has destroyed love? And if so, then why bother to make blueprints for a world society—the first thing is to rebuild the home. We are all a family. You cannot build a world society by reason alone; imagine a home which was run by reason alone—it would not be a home but a hell. We shall not be rid of injustice and hatred and war until we have learnt how to love. It is so obvious that it seems a platitude; but we forget that to love is to say, "It is thyself"; to love is to reverence and worship, to be temperate and tender.

—Gerald Vann, O.P.
The Heart of Man.

PAX IXTI

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